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Cot Were We Were Born

Lyman Heath

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SONGS OF THE

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LITH. OF ENDICOTT

HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

1. Cot where we were born.
2. Go call the Doctor, or Anti-Calomel.
3. Excelsior.
4. Cape Ann.
5. Mother's Bible.
6. Soldier's Funeral.
7. Vesper Song at Sea.
8. Vulture of the Alps.
9. Axes to grind.
10. We're a cutting.
11. We are happy and free
12. Our Fathers Hearth.

Nett. 1/-

NEW YORK

Published by FIRTH. & HALL, No 1 Franklin Sq.

AND FIRTH, HALL & POND 239, BROADWAY.

THE COT WERE WE WERE BORN

Sung by the

HUTCHINSON FAMILY

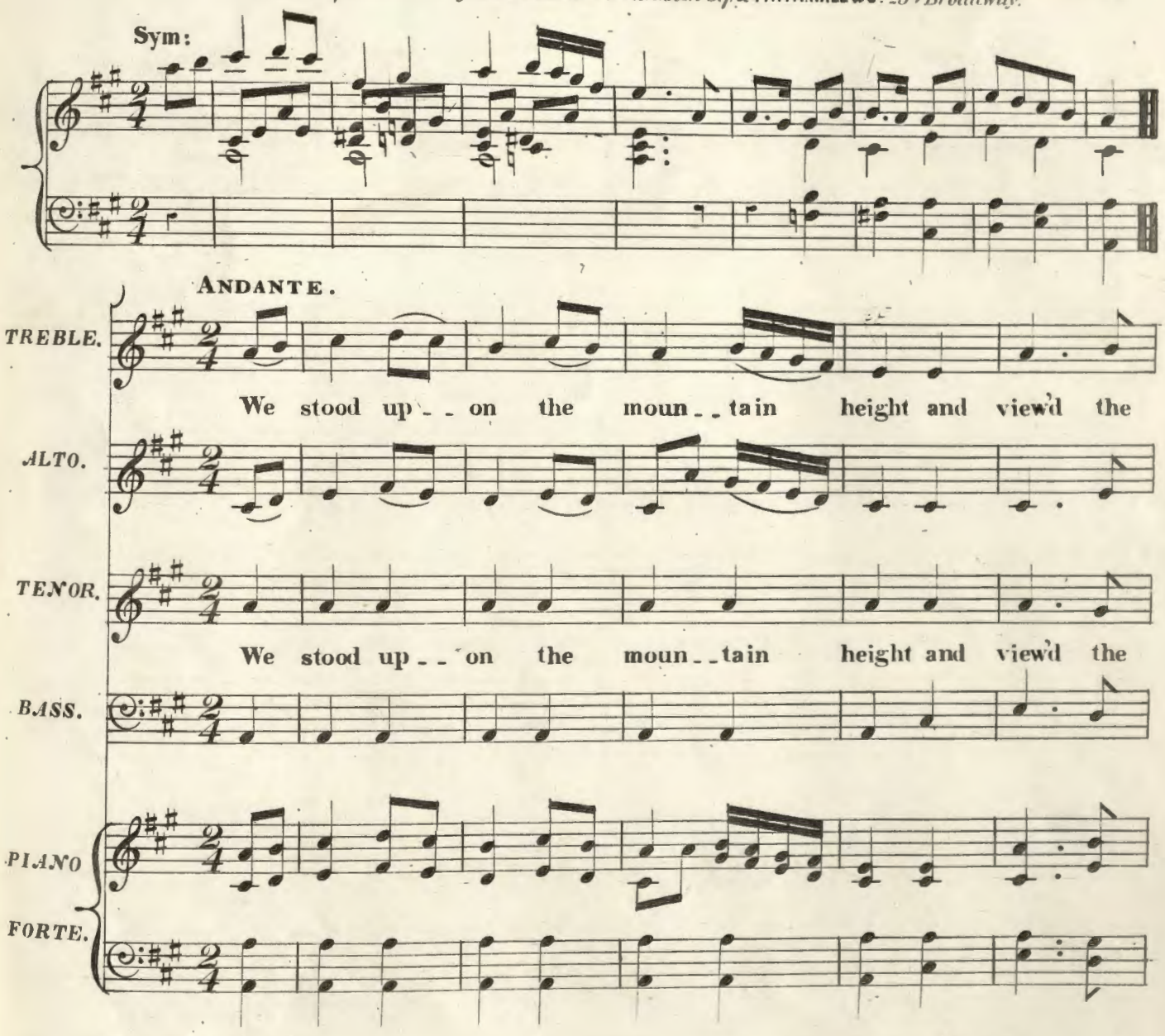
Arranged as a

Song or Quartett.

Melody by
L. HEATH.

Harmonized by
NATH^L. STRONG.

New York published by Firth & Hall 1 Franklin Sq. & FIRTH, HALL & Co 239 Broadway.



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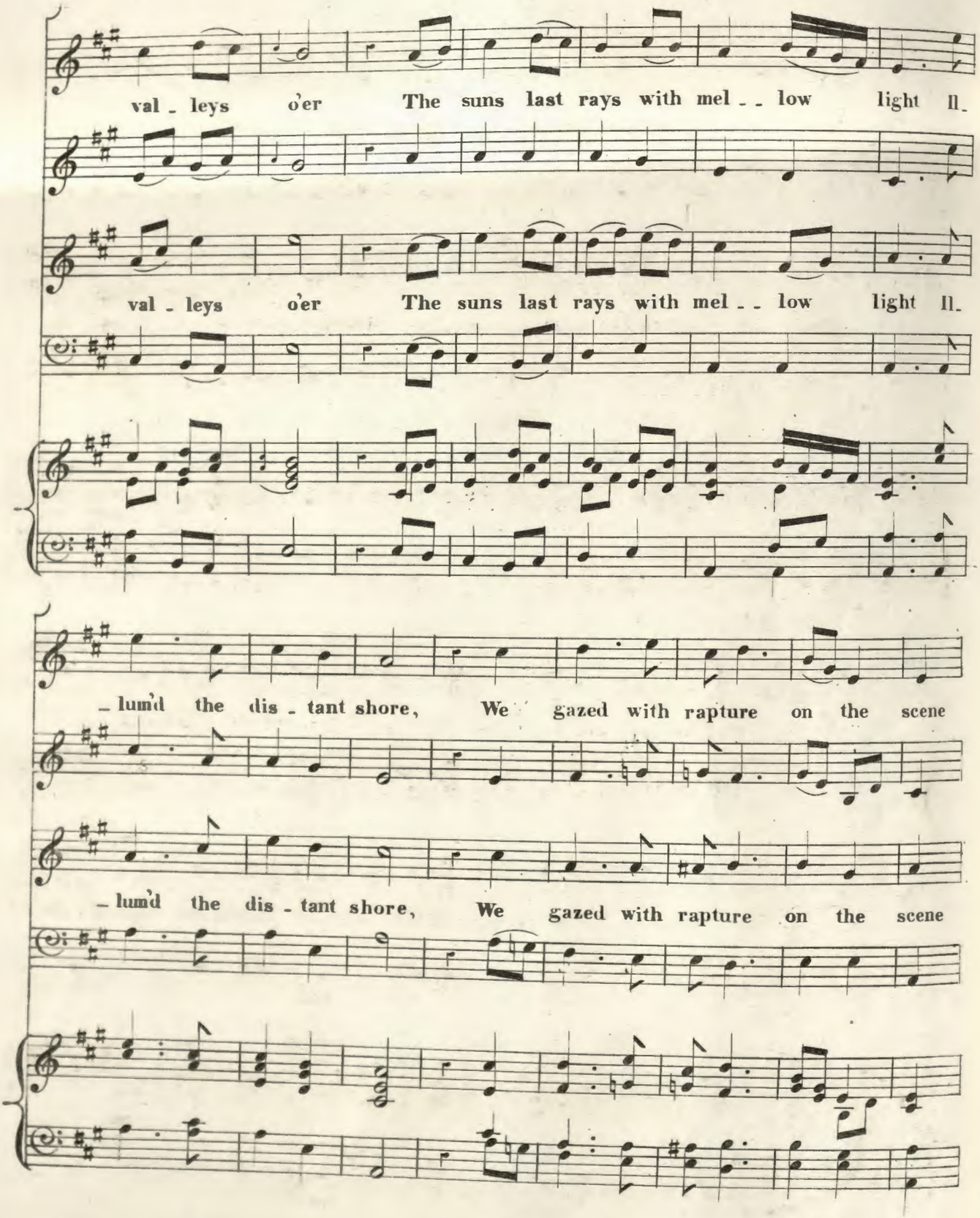
val - leys o'er The suns last rays with mel - - low light il-
val - leys o'er The suns last rays with mel - - low light il-
- lum'd the dis - tant shore, We gazed with rapture on the scene
- lum'd the dis - tant shore, We gazed with rapture on the scene

Where first in youthsbright morn, We played,where near us stood se - -

Where first in youthsbright morn, We played,where near us stood se - -

_rene The Cot where we were born Ere sor - row blanch'd our brows with

_rene The Cot where we were born Ere sor - row blanch'd our brows with

care And hopes were flatt'ring high, How of - ten have we lin - ger'd

care And hopes were flatt'ring high, How of - ten have we lin - ger'd

there, Nor heav'd the breathing sigh; But Ah! those happy days are gone, And

there, Nor heav'd the breathing sigh; But Ah! those happy days are gone, And

left our hearts for - - - lorn, And still we gaze with rapture On the

left our hearts for - - - lorn, And still we gaze with rapture On the

Cot where we were born, The Cot where we were born, And still we

Cot where we were born, The Cot where we were born, And still we

gaze with rap_ture, On The Cot where we were born.

gaze with rap_ture, On The Cot where we were born.

3

'Twas there that first a mothers smile,
Lit up our hearts with joy;
That smile can yet our cares beguile,
As when a pratling boy.
Though changes many we have seen;
Since childhood's sunny morn,
Yet deep in memory still has been,
The Cot where we where born.

4

Oh! never till the stream of life
Shall cease to ebb and flow,
And earthly sorrow with its strife,
These hearts shall cease to know;
Can we forget a spot so dear,
As that we sometimes mourn:
Beside the brook which runs so clear,
The Cot where we were born.

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80
$435

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